

THE CLUB CROSBY

FEBRUARY

1937

MARCH

GIVES YOU THE

The Big Broadcast
College Humor
Too Much Harmony
Going Hollywood
We're Not Dressing
She Loves Me Not
Two For Tonight
Mississippi
Anything Goes
Big Broadcast of 1936
Rhythm On The Range
Pennies From Heaven
Waikiki Wedding

B I N G

I



A

N

N

G A N G

Please
Learn To Croon
Thanks
Temptation
Love Thy Neighbor
Love In Bloom
Two For Tonight
Soon
Moonburn
I Wished On The Moon
Empty Saddles
So Do I
? ? ? ? ?

W E L C O M E !

Club

M A S C O T S

Gary

Phillip and Dennis

Crosby

BING BANG !!

BING SENDS XMAS TELEGRAM:

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.—Bing Crosby.

BING WRITES IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING:

"GO TO IT!"

So thus began The Club Crosby and those three little words meant more than a typewritten page!

RUTH CLARKE:

Dear Cecilia:—Congratulations on your good work! We are all delighted with your enthusiasm and interest. I am sending you a card from someone else interested in joining a fan club.

LARRY CROSBY:

Dear Celia:—Bing is favorable to your organizing a club.

I think you have a good idea in getting expressions from the guest stars for your paper. This should produce some interesting reading.

Why not stage a contest and we will send a prize. Let the members name your paper and we will choose the winner.

(So we had the contest—we emerged triumphantly as the Bingang)—

Lynne Hofstetter was the lucky girl—if Bing sends you one of his horses, Lynne, call him the Nevairewinner!

LARRY AGAIN:

Entries in the name contest are very interesting and there are many good ones. Our choice would be Bingang or BingKlings. (Both were contributed by Lynne).

We'll send along some of Bing's new pictures as soon as a supply is finished. You'll be hearing from the boss soon.

THE BOSS WRITES:

Dear Cel:—All the family joins me in thanking you for the Christmas presents. We were very happy to be remembered by you.

Hope you had a pleasant holiday season, and with kindest regards to you and all your family.

Sincerely,

BING.

THE CLUB CROSBY

MEMBER OF FAN CLUB FEDERATION

Honorary President et l'homme d'esprit.....Bing Crosby
Honorary Vice President and messenger of good tidings.....Larry Crosby
Favorite actress, chanteuse et femme extraordinaire.....Dixie Lee Crosby
Secretary de Crosby Ltd. et Bing Unlimited.....Ruth Clarke
Votre presidente et editeur.....Cecilia "Cel" Joseph
Club poetess et scrivener de luxe.....Lynne "Maude-Lynne" Hofstetter
Ye Kraft Programme reporter.....Lola Trebes
Le Club Bing Hub reporter.....Mary Larson
Number one publicity director.....Jimmy Valentine

Fellow followers of the Cult Crosby, I greet you! Worshippers at the shrine of swingology, le bazooka (even the French didn't have a word for it!) and all great music lovers, I humbly greet you, too. And from the very rock-bottom (heart of stone, huh?) of *ye olde tickère*, as our bon vivant, Bing, would say, "Welcome!"

Your addled scribe wearied of employing words of one syllable, so she gathered together all the fancy, svelte l'il thingies she'd heard here and there and

decided to throw a "guess what" session to you members of the Leeg Crosbeh. Should you be in a daze as to what I'm talking about, just nudge Pudge, your neighbor, and if he doesn't know, tell him to pass it on. If *this* fails, a "key" (qui?) will be sent on request.

Gracias (we've heckled the French long enough) to you, Larry Crosby and Ruth Clarke, for assistance with club inquiries and your encouraging letters. I found you willing and helpful at all times and we drink (I'm a teetotaler) a toast to your future health and happiness—Bacchus, we appreciate what you've done!

To you, Bing, our Bohemian (Boo-boohemian!) troubadour of Song (of Croon, of Swing, of Hahvahyi) (pronounced Hawaii!!!) we definitely arrive at inability of expressing what it means to discover someone who consistently gives swell radio and screen performances, insists upon restraint in his interviews, and is genuinely devoted to his family. For these major things, and for many, many lesser ones—THANKS!

To Dixie, who could come back onto the screen anytime, and be a glamour queen, a dancer or a singer—but is Mrs. Crosby instead, and content—to you, we surrender our admiration, half of Bing's fan letters, and a lot of affection.

To get on with this jim-jam session and the introductions, the next spotlight member is Lynne Hofstetter, illustrious wastrel of the pen and ink, poetess of the deep (the dip), and colleague at our beck and call (collegoey at our neck and bawl!) Elsewhere—a short, short ways elsewhere—in this "is-you" (issue), you will find (we hope) her pièce de résistance.

C'est au revoir pour maintenant (wonder if we should sent Robin a copy? ?), heads up, chilluns (See "Pennies From Heaven" if you haven't already worn out the theatre doing so) and never, never forget, Kraft Cheese is THE CHEESE to CHOOSE—and CHEW! (Advertisement)

We thank you all,

"CEL."

FAN LETTER

Dear Bing, last night I was very sad.
I'd spiffed with the nicest love I've had.
I was to blame—'cause he merely inferred
That I was mean, in each sense of the word.
The war was on—he's not the kind
Who'll meekly digest all I could find
To say, "She's just a willful, silly child
Inclined to say things a little wild"—
Was never his way of excusing me
For the someone better I should be.
And I knew it! That's why I was sad
Over losing the nicest love I'd had.

He telephoned me—didn't say a thing
But, "Thursday night, please tune in Bing."
(S'if I wouldn't!) So we took the chance
That you'd sing of quarrels and romance.
The mere fact that we were both alone
Had made us softies, instead of stone.
Now, when we feel like a silly fight—
We won't disagree 'til Wednesday nite,
For if it takes Bing to make us speak—
T'would scarcely do—to have to wait a week!

Caw-jilly

MAUDE-LYNNE.

Hofstetter speaks again—Medley

Movies are made of so many things
I'm sure we should be happy as kings.
The world is ours for the price of a seat.
Share the squalor of a tenement street,
The spurt of a pistol; kick of a gun,
The tears of drama, the chuckle of fun.
The motion of seas; the dry peace of land
The coolness of forests, the fierceness of sand—
The hatred of man, and his tenderer side,
Emotions and race in one sweeping tide.

The beauty of Norma, the sweetness of Jean,
Gay-hearted Carole, and gracious Irene—
Mike Mouse's gyrations and Pluto's bark,
Subtle Bill Powell and magnetic Clark—
Astaire and Rogers, the aces of swing—
Satin-toned Nelson, the incomparable *Bing*!
Myrna's pert nose, and Tone's gamin-grin,
Vital Joan Crawford; adventurer *Flynn*!
Splendid MacMurray; everyone's Cobb,
So-lovely Jeanette; and much-Taylor'd Bob—
Strangers—yet friends; of the big silver sheet,
Ours—all ours—for the price of a seat.

PICK-UPS AMONG OUR SHAREHOLDERS

YE STOCK REPORTER "CEL"

The law of gravity remaining consistent, our LYNNE HOFSTETTER finds it pretty hard these days keeping her two feet firmly planted on the ground. Cupid had nothing to do with it, however. It so happens that of late, staircases and unwelcome nails in walls, are causing this Crosbyite untold mortification.

Here! Here! MARY LARSON says she's been attending the opera! But don't get as alarmed and worried as I was when I first heard the news 'cause Mary still thinks that for number *une* baritone and song-singer our Bing has no peer. Hear! Hear!

I nominate N. PHILIP WATTERSON as the 100% and conscientious movie fan. Phil sees all the latest pictures and always his criticisms hit the nail on the head. The last year has found Phil one of the staunchest of Crosby admirers.

ANNE HAVRELEKO tells me that if she had Aladdin's lamp ("Oh, I wish I were Aladdin" . . . remember?) she'd gently rub it and wish that she'd be wafted away to Sunny California. (Have you forgotten McCabe's advice?) Anne is our first Canadian member and she wonders vaguely if it's as cold in other parts of the country, as it is in Canada. It is, Anne, and the Eskimaux have *nothing* on us, altho' they may have *more*.

Consigned to various school affairs, church functions and dozens of fan clubs, MADELYN ZITO still finds time to write twelve-page letters to your prexy and without a moment's hesitation she generously offers to assist in any club matter within her capability. Thanks loads, Madelyn!

All the way from the Philippines one day came a letter from ANGUSTIAS VELEZ. Said letter, on close examination, turned out to be a fan letter anent a feverish, amateurish little thing your scribe put together one night in defense of our Star. From that day hence a strong friendship has arisen and held fast between yours truly and the beauteous "Angie".

Thank you ANN KINNEL, for those beautiful folders of different countries and continents, and for the stamps you sent to cover your club mailings. It isn't necessary to do this, but I do appreciate your gesture. I hope you will like your club photo and I'm sure it will be a pen and ink number that you've long been waiting for.

Some people like to knit, others like to cook, but HELENE SULLIVAN loves to go shopping for beautiful clothes. And she gets 'em, too! La Sullivan also scribbles an infectious letter that is inferior to none. And the Spring season finds Helene all set to listen to the baseball games. Last year, I could almost hear her rooting up to here!

"KAY" MERRILL is our champion lover of the great out-of-doors and Technicolor pictures. Her generosity is inexhaustible as those of you who correspond with Kay, know. She is extremely partial to The Crosbys, The Lane Sisters, Henry Fonda and Jean Harlow. Anybody with too many clippings of the above, kindly place them in an envelope and mail to 28 Autumn Ave., Bangor, Maine.

RUTH CARTY, like your prexy, has an unquenchable desire to see and re-see all of Bing's old pictures. Maybe we ought to buy them up, Ruthie, set up a projecting machine, and dicker with Paramount. I'm sure most of the members would chip in! A slight admission of two clippings on Bing would be tacked up, thereby increasing the club scrapbooks.

JANICE HAUCK, an habitual movie-goer, tells us that no matter how super-colossal the pictures turned out by the Brother Warner and MGM, she still finds Bing's pictures catalogued four-stars in the Hauck inventory. That's holding up a picture, alright, Bing!

You panting patrons of terpsichore, take notice! ELEANOR MORGENSEN, 314 West 3rd Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa, has a new club for that Queen of the Taps, Sweleanor Powell! Those of you who are interested (and who wouldn't be?) write to Eleanor, instantler, and she will send you details about the club and detaps about her Star!

HARRY FRAZIER, P.O. Box 131, Bellevue, Nebraska, is president of the *Boosters* club, one of the finest in existence. And the same applies to Harry as a person. He dislikes being called Mr. Frazier and insists that you step right up and call him "Harry!" That's the way to be, Harry, old boy!

With Hofstetter it's Nelson Eddy, with Joseph it's Crosby, but with FAITH FERRIS it's Jimmy Ellison from since now on unto infinity. Why, you can't live in the same town with the girl and not know that Mr. James Ellison is "Buffalo Bill" of "The Plainsman" and "Hop-Along Cassidy" fame. Scrapbooks are dragged out, snapshots, photos, a spiel a mile long on his latent abilities (and we all agree) and thisandthat a far, far into the night! And if you're there the next morning you'll hear and hear the same thing. Soo, anybody possessing data on this up-and-comer just mail them to: The Active James Ellison Club, P.O. Box 174, North Vassalboro, Maine. We have Faith to thank for several snapshot contributions to the club. For further info write your prexy.

From dear ole Lunnon (fog and all) comes that lovely English member, LILIAN LOW, who recently became a Mrs. Congratulations, Charlie, and many happy returns of the day both! Lillian is responsible for most of the hard-to-get Crosby pictures and clippings that are proudly displayed in our mammoth club scrapbooks. Your generosity and thoughtfulness are imprinted on the heart of the Club, Lil!

I'll bet if we were to meet BILL L. WELCH in person we'd find him fast on his feet by way of zippy repartee. As it is now, his letters spell "sense of humor," "much vocabulary," and "grammar parfait." If it can be arranged without cramping anybody's style, you will find in our next issue of Bingang a right neat column run up by Bill on the doings in and around Paramount.

It was a festive occasion when HELEN STEVENS started her Preston Foster club, headquarters, 814 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn., and it's been "Fan-

fare-ly" festive ever since. Mr. Foster's unflinching interest in the club and its members is catapulting the aggregation right up to the top flight of first-class fan clubs.

Whether she wants it to be told or not, here 'tis! GLADIS MICHAEL McCABE will welcome the day when she owns her own private sloop, scow or what have you, and is free to sail the seven seas and perhaps discover some little islet, a peaceful Utopia where cannibals are unheard of and Sleep is the popular pastime. Maybe after a few months of this she will come back to the States ready to weather a few more years of unpeaceful existence prior to embarking on another wistful sojourn. (This is beginning to get me!)

If anyone present at this meeting is a member of the literati, will you sort of step up and see what we have here in the line of clubs for all you literature and Book Lovers? Our Canadian member, CECILE E. ST. AUBIN, heads a club called the Book Lover's Club whose main branch begins at 194 Augusta St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, and whose smaller branches, of which I'm but a twig, spread out to the four corners of the earth. Cecile (she shall) be willing to dish out the answers to all your questions.

One of our most estimable clubs, MARION L. HESSE's Ginger Rogers Club is three years old and will continue to flourish as one of the finest clubs today as long as Ginger becomes increasingly interested in its members as she now is. A word about Marion, too, who capably rules over this friendly, yet expansive club. I only hope that I may run a fan club with the efficiency and dexterity as this girl has shown through her three years association with her tip-top club. Address: 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

FLORENCE O'NEILL and myself have been debating back and forth over something that is of paramount importance to the aforementioned lady. Recently, in a New York trade paper she came across the unbelievable item that Robert "Bob" Crosby was married. So she immediately asked your supposed-to-be-well-informed-writer to verify this statement or deny it. Naturally, it's all news to me, if true, so if anyone can help Flo with this bit of exaggerated (we think) publicity, your pros and cons will be appreciated at club headquarters.

If we were capable of prestidigitation (thanks, Lynne!) we'd fix it so that our Kraft Reporter, LOLA TREBES, could unhesitatingly run around bare-footed, hatless and nonchalantly, without the constant fear that seems to dog her footsteps ever since I've known her—colds! No matter if she's dressed to the gills with furs, blankets and mackinaws this petite lass always manages to get *the* cold of the year. It worries your harassed prexy no end when "Lol" fades away for months at a time without writing and then pops up with "Sick in bed—slight attack of flu—forgive me!" What else could a person do to a pal lying on her sick bed?

Contretemps of the month: When HELEN RAETHER was forced to disband her excellent club for Lew Ayres. We all enjoyed our stay and the Telescope muchly, Helen, and know that only because of dire necessity did you relinquish a job you liked to perform. And who can say that you didn't admirably contribute to fan clubs by setting your club as a shining example?

Stop quibbling, JERRIE NOWAK, and make up your mind! Tell me for certain so that I'll know just who to send you data on. Is it Robert Taylor, Robert Montgomery or Clark Gable? ? ? Folks, meet the funniest letter-writer this side of the Pacific! She has everyone who has anything to do with her simply in stitches! Others who do a smart job at this pastime are: Lynne Hofstetter, Lola Trebes, Gladis McCabe and half our membership list. Thank heavens there are still a few serious members left to boast of, but I fear it's becoming an epidemic. I am no longer able to read my mail in the house lest I shake the timbers in similar manner as they are shook on the Kraft Music Hall of Thursday evenings.

CAMILLE SHULSKIE works in a nice jewelry store—you know those places where they sell gorgeous, valuable ornaments which catch your eye and weaken

your purse—well, Kay is all wrapped up in her job and loves the place and the people who go with it. Kay is a gem herself so it's easy to see why things have worked out so well.

One of many of our members who aspires to be a columnist is GRACE SEAVER. After corresponding with Grace for over a year, letters that were chockful of comments and the like about stars and stuff, she may have my recommendation any time she wants as the girl really possesses invaluable columnist ability.

DOROTHY "DOTS" HULSE trans-continental lady of ease has travelled our southern, northern, eastern and western states the past year and has finally settled in Los Angeles, Calif., with a Donald Woods Fan Club. Formerly one of New York's night club nightly visitors she finds relaxation and plenty of sunshine in mine (?) o'clock Hollywood. We recommend the club and the address: 3701 W. 1st St., Los Angeles, Calif.

The magnanimous ex-Bengal Lancer, GILBERT WILSON, of Portsmouth, England, has one of those interesting handwritings which you find quite common among the English. After mentally praising Gilbert's scrawl you find yourself reading some of the most entertaining deductions ever made anent world affairs, celebs, and what not. The club enlists your literary services for a future issue, Gil!

That engaging fellow who so adeptly strums a guitar and sings beautiful ballads, Tito Guizar, has a grand club up in Detroit, Michigan, presided over by VIRGINIA HAAS, who turns out one of the most unique of club bulletins. Inside its well-written pages you will find stuff by Helen Raether and other illustrious scribblers. Street address: 14209 Ardmore.

Another of our transient ladies is MARY LEAH REED. She's been staying in Lakewood, Ohio, for the last few months, but in her last letter she tells me she's returning to Mt. Carmel, Pa., to stay. While most of our members nonchalantly travel around, thinking nothing of it, your balmy reporter reads "Gone With The Wind" and calls it a day!

A catchy name has TERRY LIPMAN, that bundle of charm who has joined the march of fan clubs with an outfit for Betty Grable. There's a variety of interesting material in her club paper and we can't say enough about the swell co-operation she receives from Betty herself. Write her at 185 West 170th St. New York City.

Fan clubs without end! Next in line for bows is HELEN TALBOTT's Warren Hull Club, 1023 Berkley Ave., Pueblo, Colorado. A garland of our most beautiful orchids, Helen, for raking up a club and issuing a club news in so short a time!

MARIE YOUNG, dyed-in-the-cotton Crosbyite and registered nurse in between times, years and years for a personally autographed photo of Bing—a pen and ink autograph! So, we made it a point to stress this fact to the Boss who will soon be heading an autograph your way, Marie, that even that West Virginia sun will not obliterate.

All out of breath but they made the deadline: Our late arrivals: LEDA PAGNANI, thanks for your unsolicited offer to help with the club. We've lots of help on hand right now, but later when we put an ad in the *Help Wanted* column we'll depend on you. IRENE PERRY spending her evenings at night school laboring over calculating machines and typewriters. Hm, ain't it fun? Next to "Lol" Trebes, VERNE ANDRAS wins the Valentine box this month for more casualties than any one person has a right to have! She thinks nothing of her broken wrist, sprained ankle and in the same breath, "Gee! But I'd like to fly an aeroplane!" I dunno, maybe I'm just a peace-loving person at heart! A delightful burden are her two swell clubs says MARY HELEN QUELLEY. Fifi D'Orsay and Mr. and Mrs. Art Jarrett are pretty proud of their "Now you see her now you don't" prexy. She's that busy all the time! ARLENE DOWNS'

father runs a "small hotel" (remember?) which boasts of all the conveniences of a Hollywood mansion. There's the tennis courts and swimming pool and we'll wager some bathing beauties lolling in the summer (next summer) sun. Ah! MARGARET "KIT" CONNELL just loves to argue with me but I "arger" right back and that's why we get along so well! Hope you don't feel lost midst our conglomeration of picked fans, ISABEL SIEGEL, so just join right in the fun and we'll accept all responsibility. Maybe we'd better have a dragnet out for you, MARIAN JENTZ! MARY LOUISE KINNEY, you draw divinely! and were LUCILLE ROBBINS, prexy of the Roz Russell club to see some of your work she'd undoubtedly say (à la Robin Burns): "Ain't it the truth?" This is only the beginning, so if there is any pan mail forthcoming we take back everything we said. So there!

Chalk up another great victory for our Bing Crosby fans: This time it is due to his excellent work in a picture called "Pennies from Heaven," of which you all have undoubtedly heard and which, I trust, you will all see in the near future. For no Bing fan would miss a Bing picture. Of that I am sure!!

In scanning the very interesting pages of the December 5th issue (1936) of Motion Picture Herald, I came across a page which caught my eye because of the heading of the page in big letters—"COLUMBIA! CROSBY! CROWDS! COLOSSAL!" Below were printed three telegrams which I should like to copy for you, to show you what a real victory "Pennies from Heaven" really is!

NA 42 24

Rd Memphis Tenn
Columbia Pictures Corp
New York City

Opened Pennies from Heaven to tremendous business stop audience reaction very fine stop picture headed for all time record

M. A. Lightman, Malco Theatre

Providence R I
Columbia Pictures Corp
New York City

Many thanks fo Pennies from Heaven with Bing Crosby stop had to call out police to handle crowds stop smashed all boxoffice records for past six years stop judging from audience reaction picture should be a boxoffice winner everywhere.

Strand Theatre Edward L Reed

Columbia Pictures Corp
New York City

Pennies From Heaven opened to tremendous business Devenport Souix City Omaha Minneapolis Marshalltown Dubuque and Cedar Rapids stop especially gratifying at this time when theatres need strong boxoffice stimulant to offset lack of draw in any current releases stop congratulations to Bing Crosby and Columbia

John J. O'Connor R K O Theatres

A smash hit for our Bing—don't you agree with me, fans?—MARY LARSON.

"CHEESE-IT" — AN EXPOSE OF THE KRAFT PROGRAMS"

Starring BING CROSBY

Supported by Bob Burns, Ken Carpenter, Jimmy Dorsey and Orchestra
Plus Guest Stars

Your Sleuth—Lola Trebes.

The action of this episode takes place Jan. 7th, 1937—Thursday evening 10:00 o'clock.

PROLOGUE

Howdy, Crosbyites! And, despite the fact that the grass may be green, the flowers in full bloom and the birdies chirping merrily by the time you read this,

HAPPY NEW YEAR! That remark alone at a time like this should give you a fairly good idea of what to expect from your columnist (?) Did I hear someone make a sarcastic remark as to your writer's title? Well, after all, if Cel had nerve enough to place this job in my hands, the least I can do is to make it sound important regardless of what you think. And, believe you me, you're gonna suffer—and how you're gonna suffer. That is, of course, if you even take time to stop 'n' read this drib-drib which'll no doubt be present somewhere in each and every issue of this particular club chronicle. Yep, hate to break all the bad news at once—but seems that Cel just hadda fill up space somehow (regardless of the fact that all this printing's costing her a very pretty penny) and she knew that once you rub this Trebes lass the right way she'd just puff up and let go the longest tirade of words you ever heard—at the end of which her readers would sit back and say deservedly "Now, what in the world is that imbecile raving about—just a lotta good time lost"—and then, dear friends, I think we'll understand each other well enough to get going.

Truly and sincerely though, I am deeply grateful to Cel for placing this delightful task in my hands, and I shall really try very hard to put the programs over as I see them—I do hope they'll be somewhat the way you yourselves have also seen (or rather "heard") them. Should any of you have suggestions by which you think this particular column might be improved, please don't hesitate to send them on to me and I'll do my utmost to abide by them. After all, this entire edition is for your benefit and entertainment—you're the readers and, therefore, also the critics. We welcome any comments you may have from time to time—whether constructive or destructive.

And, now, if you'll bear with me, I'll see what I can do to start this ball rolling. Ready? O.K., let's go!

After the usual necessary station and announcer's introduction as well as those given by Bing himself, the program officially gets under way with Crosby's rendition of that charming new ditty that's fast rising to the top of the musical ladder of fame, "Frost on the Moon." And did Bing freeze that one over? Oh, boy! Yessiree, sounds like the boy's really in tip-top shape tonight. But let's hear what he has to say for himself.

BING—"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Bing Crosby again in the Kraft Music Hall ushering in the first program of the New Year. Among those present with us in the Hall this evening are Lawson Little, the Amateur Golf Champion, Miss Helen Mack of the movies, and Miss Grete Stueckgold of the Metropolitan Opera in another return engagement, not forgetting those old standbys of the Hall, Arkansas Bob Burns, Jimmy Dorsey — the Swingsters, and good old Ken Carpenter. What's on your mind, Ken?"

Needless to say, at this particular time Kraft's comes in for its share of the spotlight rightly enough. And then—

BING (addressing Bob Burns)—"Thus far, Robin, has your New Year been a pleasant one?"

Bob retaliates by trying to explain the mixup Bing got him into regarding the Rose Bowl, Orange Bowl and Sugar Bowl Football Games on New Year's day. Seems Bing gave Robin a tip on the "Bowl" game but neglected to say which "Bowl" and—well, knowing Bob, you can well imagine what must've ensued. Finally, however, Bob remarks "There's something missing, Bing."

Takes a little time for even Bing to pick up the lost thread but inevitably there comes the strains of the Arkansas hill-billy music which had been omitted as an introduction for Bob.

BOB—"It just takes something like that piece to make me forget this suit I got on. I wanta tell you, I'm a pretty thing up here tonight." Which remark, naturally, meets with howls of laughter.

Bob goes on to tell about New Year's back home, and, as is bound to be the case, one of his relatives comes in for an awful panning — this time it happens to be an Uncle (the particular name of this one escapes me—but who could remember those unheard of titles?). Anyway, Bob relates how terribly light-fingered this Uncle was—he would not intentionally take a thing but, in Bob's own words, "Many little things wouldn't have been lost if Uncle hadn't found them." Seems he was accustomed to picking up little knick-knacks — on the night of the New Year's Eve Party, he walked off with a horse and buggy.

This same Uncle had a turkey on the table New Year's Eve which he said he got through the power of prayer. Seems that a neighbor next-door was raising turkeys but he had put up a high board fence between his yard and that of Bob's Uncle's. First, the Uncle prayed that the neighbor would give him a turkey for the Holiday but then he got to thinking how tight this particular neighbor was and knew the prayer wouldn't reach him. So, secondly, he prayed that a turkey would fly over the fence into his yard. However, on giving this a little thought, he concluded that the fence was too high and the turkey'd never make it. Finally, he prayed that he might be able to climb the fence and get a turkey for himself and, believe it or not, the latter prayer was answered — hence, turkey on the table for New Year.

Well, after dinner, the folks down in Van Beuren turned on the radio and got the Music Hall program. After hearing a song by Bing, they voiced the general opinion that he was a mighty nice fellow. Then, after hearing a selection by Jimmy Dorsey and his Orch., one of the Van Buren folks came forth with the most unique description yet come across by your scribe covering Swing Music — namely, "Haven't heard anything like that since a truckload of empty milk cans run into a wagon filled with wild ducks." Bob's Aunt got over a cute one too — this referred to imbibing too much alcoholic beverage. Her husband went 'round and knocked on the back door and she said soon's she saw him she knew he was drunk 'cause "he was crawling on his hands and knees with a quart of liquor tied around his neck and he tried to tell me he was a Saint Bernard dog looking for a blizzard."

In keeping with the spirit of the occasion, Bob's Bazooka solo was "How Dry I Am" with which he took his leave of the mike.

Bing comes back somewhat breathlessly — who wouldn't after being kept in loud 'n' merry laughter by that crazy Burns—to introduce Ken the Carpenter boy.

Following another "Cheese" talk, Bing goes into a vocalization of "Under Your Spell" — and weren't we all? — under HIS spell I mean — ah! If only you could sing on forever Bing. But, no, we must proceed with another of the guest stars for this evening. So—

BING — "We're happy to have with us in the Hall tonight the only man to win both the American and British Amateur Golf Championship in two successive years. That, of course, is Lawson Little."

After a further build-up, we hear from BING — "How come you didn't follow in your Father's footsteps, Lawson, and enter the Army?"

LITTLE — "Well, golf came along first — that's all I know. How come you didn't follow in your Father's footsteps, Bing — and, incidentally, what were they?"

BING — "Pater was an auditor in a pickle works."

LITTLE — "How in the world do you 'audit' pickles?"

BING — "Well, I don't know because I was in the Washing Department."

BING — "They got Burns and me wandering thru a frothy little thing called 'Waikiki Wedding' over at Paramount and we'll not be able to get to see the coming Los Angeles Golf Tournament — how do you figure it'll come out?"

Wherewith Lawson embarks on a technical treatise of the whereifs and

wherefors — 'tis a little bit too technical for us — specially since Golf isn't one of our games, so we'll just skip over that little interlude if you don't mind.

Before Lawson leaves, Bob hasta stick his two cents' worth in with — "Should you hold a golf club like you was plowin' or more like you was milkin'?" (Imagine! Dumb as I am, I do believe I've better sense'n to ask a question like that. But that's Burns for ya every time).

BING — "Thank you for coming up here, Lawson, and I wish you all good luck in the Golf Tournament tomorrow."

LITTLE — "Thanks, Bing, and I know that the Bing Crosby Amateur Tournament at Rancho Santa Fé is going to close the golf season in California in a really big way."

Then we do a little reminiscing with—

BING — "Remember back in 1904 when W. J. Davis won the British Golf Championship and the World's Fair was opened in St. Louis? There was also a subway station opened in New York and the City of Baltimore experienced the worst fire in its history, destruction by flames amounting to millions of dollars. And the Pittsburgh Pirates were shellacked in the World Series by the Boston Braves. At that time, this particular song was very popular — I'll be aided in the second chorus by the 'Barrel-house Four' and, God and the vocal chords willing will attempt to sing bass."

The song, as you probably recall, was "Dear Old Girl" and, take it from "Dear old Dad," 'twasn't a bad rendition of the old ballad. Darned swell if you ask the younger offspring.

BING — "It's a little difficult to think of anybody else we'd rather have in the Hall with us on the first program of 1937 than Miss Grete Stueckgold who has graciously come back for her fourth appearance on the program. You know it was Miss Stueckgold who first flouted the usual convention that a crooner should not sing a duet with an operatic star. — You're looking pretty charming tonight, Grete."

GRETE — "You're looking pretty charming yourself, Bing."

BING — "Aw, you're just sayin' that!"

After which novel beginning, Miss Stueckgold gives a lovely rendition of "Love and Music, These I Live For." Bing remarks how grand the selection was and asks Grete for an encore. As usual, the Burns' element turns up and wants to know if Bing isn't going to sing with Miss Stueckgold this evening. The charming lady herself informs the harmless hoosier that she had asked Bing to sing with her and really wanted him to but he had declined. Naturally, refusing to let a sleeping dog lie (no reference whatsoever meant for Bing), Bob again comes back with "Why" and Bing explains that this way he gets two chances to listen to Miss Stueckgold, whereas if he sang a duet with her, there would be only the one opportunity of being part of the audience, so to speak. After so charming an explanation, what can the lady do but render another solo — this one being "Smilin' Thru."

After issuing Miss Stueckgold an invitation to come back again — and we really join Bing in hoping she does 'cause in our humble opinion she's one opera star who's a regular fellow — Bing sings "Trust in Me" — and if there's anybody in this world who wouldn't after listening to that heart-rendering rendition of the number, I personally would like to meet the blackguard in a dark alley some night when I have Cousin John along with me — just as a matter of precaution, it's a little more consoling to have an ex-policeman alongside. Who said fraidy-cat?

The last of the evening's guests is cute little Helen Mack of the silver screen (wonder when they'll go on the gold standard?) Helen explains how, when and where she got her start in pictures — first tripped the boards at the age of six and, with the help of her Mother, made the acquaintance of one Vera Gordon who proved of invaluable assistance in putting her on the right track.

Later we have a drama put on by the Kraft Outfit—and we used to think Kraft Cheese smelled so good! Anyway, Bing wasn't in the active cast—he was just an in-between man who gave explanatory remarks 'n' noises when and as needed. Miss Stueckgold, Helen Mack, Lawson Little and the honorable Mr. Burns portrayed the various characters—the scene taking place at a dinner table and the plot—what I can gather of it—is to see who gets which part of the turkey—with Robin Burns injecting a little trickery by hiding the choicest morsels under the table. 'Twas only a one night stand so the play won't make stage history.

Bing's last (and one of our favorite) selections is "Let's Call a Heart a Heart" from that never-to-be-forgotten Crosby Cinema "Pennies From Heaven." Didja like it?

BING—"And that, ladies and gentlemen, winds up another of the Kraft Music Hall Programs. We'll be with you again next week, at which time we'll have as our guests that clever comedian Edward Everett Horton as well as that up'n'coming juvenile actress, Patricia Ellis, both of whom are special friends of ours. Hope you'll keep your dial set for this station till then. Meantime, Good night to you all!"

Likewise, your reporter says farewell and hopes that this initial attempt will in some way provide a little pleasure for your weary bones. If you start seein' spots before your eyes and have a funny taste in your mouth before you finish readin' this, DON'T run to your nearest physician, but just dash off a line to Cel and tell her something'll have to be done about her

Your crazy reporter,

LOLA TREBES.

IT'S WRITTEN BY THE STARS

Dear Miss Joseph:

Of course your letters have not gone unappreciated, and simply because I failed to acknowledge them sooner, you mustn't think so. Between moving from house to house and studio to studio, and making pictures, and Christmas, I've barely managed time to eat and sleep.

I'm grateful for the interest you have taken in me and my work, and will be happy to join your Bing Crosby Club. I think he is a *fine* artist and enjoy his work tremendously.

May I wish you the best of luck for your club and a Happy New Year for yourself.

Sincerely

JIM STEWART.

Thanks, James, for a fine letter and for your good wishes. The club joins me in wishing you the best that the New Year has to offer, and you are unanimously chosen as one of the club favorites. Your splendid work in "Born to Dance" and "After the Thin Man" speaks for itself. Let us hear from you again! But don't stop eating!

Gertrude Niesen, currently appearing in Universal's "Top O' The Town" writes:
Dear Cel:

I shall be very happy to give a statement to you for your Bing Crosby Club. Truly, Bing Crosby has always been my favorite singing star. He sings with deep emotion and yet in such an effortless manner. The simplicity and sincerity of his style catch at your heart-strings and that is why he will enjoy perennial popularity.

My heartiest wishes for a glorious New Year to you.

Fondly,

GERTRUDE NIESEN.

And the same to you, Gertrude. You will find many a Niesen fan in our fold and we all eagerly await your screen offering. Thanks very much for putting down so clearly just what we all think about Bing's voice.

Lovely Virginia Bruce writes:

My dear Miss Joseph (incidentally, we've received a number of letters from the lovely Virginia). Thank you so much for your letter, and in answer to your questions I should like to say that I have always been fond of Bing. In fact, I had a crush on him about seven years ago when he sang at the Cocoanut Grove with Gus Arnheim and his orchestra.

He is an amusing and lovable person and I always enjoy working with him on the air or seeing his pictures. His three little boys and my little girl are very good friends and often play together.

Again thanking you for your lovely letter and wishing you all the luck in the world with your Club, I am

Most sincerely,

VIRGINIA BRUCE.

And who can deny that Miss Bruce doesn't deserve our choicest gardenias and forget-me-nots for her delightful letter! Those of you who have seen her in "Born to Dance" recently will agree that her acting and singing were just about perfect. We are all very happy to include you as a Bing Crosby fan club member, Virginia! Welcome!

William A. Brady, father of Alice Brady and impresario in his own *rights*:

My dear Miss Joseph:

I received your letter of recent date and read same with interest.

I enjoyed my experience with Bing Crosby on the radio this past winter, and found him a thoroughly delightful person.

With best wishes for the success of your club, I am

Sincerely,

WILLIAM A. BRADY.

And may we say that we think your daughter, Alice, is just *the* tops as a screen comedienne? Be seeing you at Lakewood, Maine, we hope!

Snatches from letters written by that swell Victor Jory:

That Bing Crosby is swell seems to be the consensus of opinion. Several people have told me just about what you did, that he is very gracious about his fan mail.

If you read your sport pages, you may have noticed that on the last day (this was during the racing season—Ed.) one of Mr. Crosby's horses came "in the money," which was a great surprise to everybody, but rather justified the gentleman's faith. Perhaps he has written to tell you all about it himself, since you are now so closely affiliated with his fan club.

Quite sincerely, I am delighted to be included on the list of Bing Crosby enthusiasts.

Sincerely yours,

VICTOR JORY.

When it comes to answering fan mail Victor Jory take his place with those champion letter-writers: Miss Bruce, Miss Niesen, Jim Stewart, and a number of others whom we have found most attentive. Thanks loads, Vic!

Jimmy Valentine, editor and publisher of one of the nicest magazines to come out of Hollywood writes:

"I received a personal invitation from Larry to view 'Pennies From Heaven,' Bing's latest picture, the same day that I received your letter. Perhaps I have

you to thank for that. At any rate, his 'Pennies From Heaven' is a grand picture and shows Bing at his best.

Good luck to you and your continued efforts for Bing."

"Believe me to always be for Crosby."

"Your detailed opinion of the magazine was received and more than appreciated. Somehow as I attempt to finish this letter I must go back and refer to that grand letter of yours that is so chucked full of praise for the magazine.

I am lost for words to really tell you how much I enjoyed it and how truthfully wonderful to find a real booster like yourself. However, in lieu of all your boosting, we intend to always boost your 'Bing.'

To get to your letter, I don't know whether it was the Crosby influence or what but your letter did read like, Bing, Bing! Someday we hope to have enough space to reprint one of your letters, because I feel it would really make interesting reading to all the fans. With your capability, (aw, fiddle-dee-dee!) you should go far with your Crosby Club.

Your criticisms of the various pictures that you mentioned in your letter seem to fit my own thoughts, especially so when you mention that Gladys George should receive some sort of an Academy Award.

Thanks, too, for your comments on 'Hats Off.' I am using that quote in our next issue.

Do not hesitate to write often for I enjoy your letters, and if they contain something of interest to the movie-going public, I will naturally take it upon myself to quote from them."

Kindest personal regards,

JIMMY VALENTINE.

Thanks, thanks, thanks, Jimmy for all your wonderful letters. Friends, these are but "bits" from letters sent to club headquarters by this very swell person, Jimmy Valentine. So, don't hesitate to join up with the Fan Club Federation and the Hollywood Low-Down whose offices are at 1508 North Highland Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Write Jimmy or Irene Brettman today!

Martha (Take it, Jackson) Raye:

"Just write that I think Bing Crosby is *perfectly swell*!"

Joan Crawford:

"With all good wishes to you and your club members for the New Year."

From Lynne to Dixie:

A Star shot to heaven
On gilded wings
The star stooped down
To better things
Counting the cost
Of glamour or life
I know she's glad
She turned a wife

Gertrude Niesen returns for second engagement:

Dear Cecilia:

Once again let me say that I think Bing is a grand person and nothing would give me more pleasure than singing on his famous broadcasts. I am happy to know that your club is progressing so nicely and wish you every success.



We Salute

JAMES STEWART

and

ERROL FLYNN

